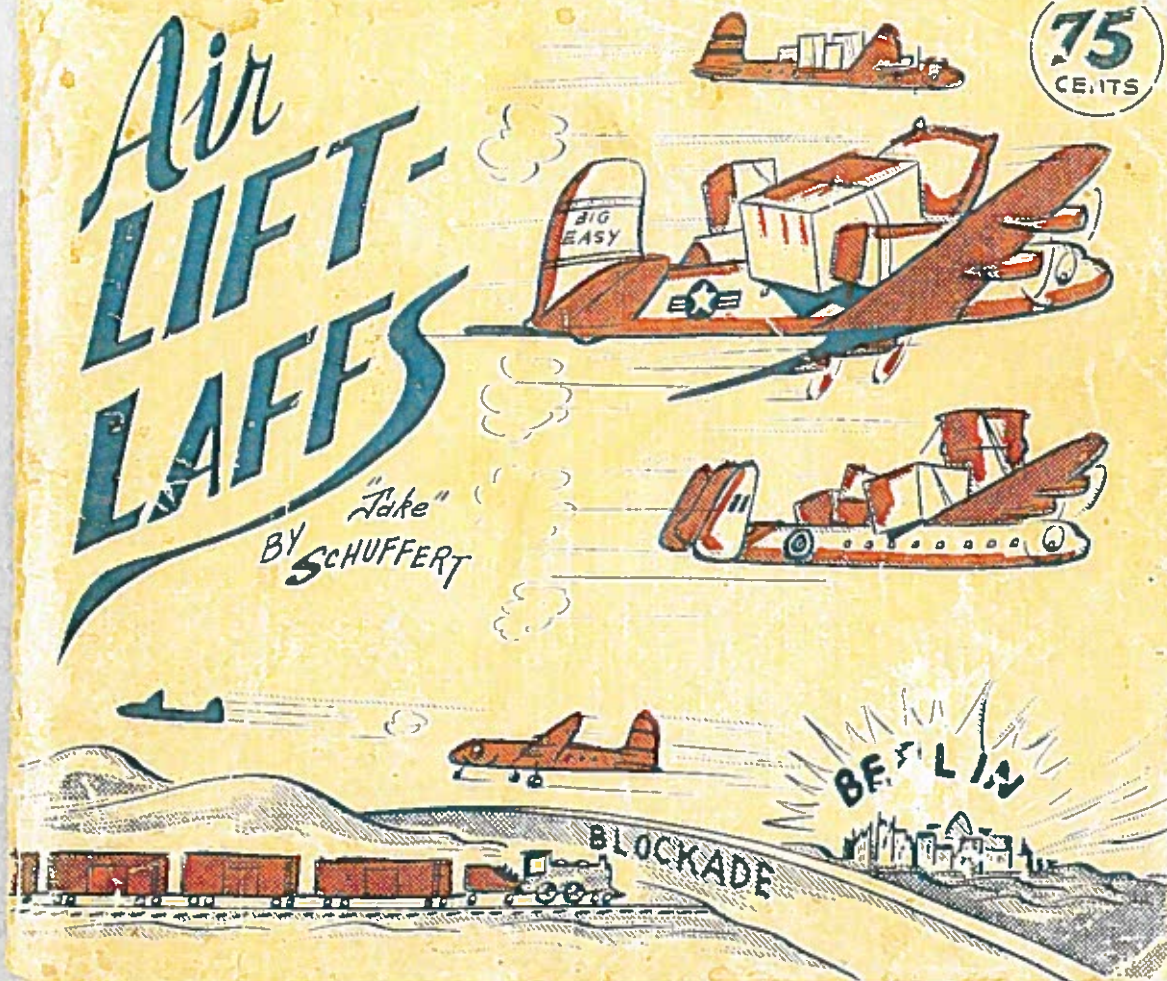
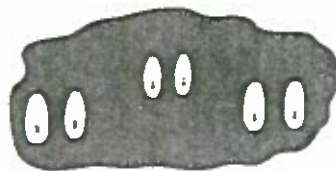


Air LIFT- LAFFS

"Take"
BY SCHUFFERT

75
CENTS



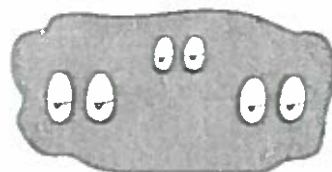


"GCA APPROACH"

Airlift Laffs

'OPERATION VITTLES' IN CARTOON

By T/Sgt. John H. Schuffert



"MIDNIGHT"
BLOCK"

With a Foreword by Maj. Gen. William H. Tunner, Airlift Commander

Foreword

It was soon apparent in the Berlin Airlift operation that the men who flew the aircraft, or loaded them, or performed the maintenance, wanted to know the results of their strenuous day in and day out effort. They wanted to know what their friends were doing on the other bases and in other squadrons and groups.

And, since the efforts of these squadrons and groups were developing into an intra-Task Force rivalry, the Task Force Times was initiated as the Command information medium. Space was made available for a daily cartoon, which was supplied by anyone with an idea.

Soon, however, Sergeant Jake Schuffert's drawings assumed ownership of this corner.

Schuffert's cartoons were good for at least one laugh each day to the thousands of men who were struggling with dirty planes and difficult and crowded living conditions while keeping the aircraft running. Task Force men clipped them from the Times to grace their desks, office walls, and living quarters.

Many a man has looked from them to his own "insurmountable" problems with a wry smile and allowed things could have been worse.



*Maj. Gen. WILLIAM H. TUNNER, USAF
Commanding General,
Combined Airlift Task Force
Weisbaden, Germany*

DEDICATED TO ALL MEN AND WOMEN, OF ALL NATIONALITIES,
WHO HELPED MAKE THE BERLIN AIRLIFT A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS.

*Any reference to persons
living or dead is purely
intentional. As they say in
the Army, "If the shoe fits,
you're lucky."*

J. S.

. . . and published by Air Force Times, 1115 18th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Story Up to Now . . .

Born in the little town of Homestead, Pa. (named after Homestead, which is a house-broken horse) on Dec. 18th, same day as Betty Grable (but that is where the similarity ends) in the year 1920.

I spent my first five years working in a steel mill. They went on strike, so in order not to remain idle, we moved to New Castle, Pa. I immediately went to work in a coal mine until I was old enough to go to school. Eleven blank years passed. One day when I was in my 12th year of ducking truant officers, harassing teachers, and drawing cartoons of everyone connected with the education racket, I was rudely awakened in class and informed that school was a place for mental development, not sleeping. When I heard this horrible revelation, I immediately quit (school, not sleeping). I went looking for greener pastures. These I found in the form of farm employment.

Then followed a year in Florida. Here I dined on succulent raw octopus and seaweed, combed the beach, and picked my teeth with drift-wood. Ah, this was living! But all good things must come to an end. Octopus was soon out of season and I was starving to death. So I "jined up" on Nov. 27, 1941. Took Flying Cadet exam. No soap, color blind. Went to radio school, gunnery school, and the mess hall three times a day. Went overseas with the 464th Bomb Group. Decorated the group planes with cartoons, women, etc. Went out of business when the crews learned every plane I painted was lost in action, some of them before the paint was dry. Completed tour, with a short stay in Yugoslavia. Ran around with the Chetniks until they got tired of supporting us in our idleness, and kicked us out.

Returned to the States Nov. 25, 1944. Joined the ATC and began ferrying planes to New Guinea.

Hostilities were soon over and I rushed to be separated. Seeing the error of my ways, I rushed to re-enlist. So, with mind at ease, and Army chow in my gullet, I boarded a train for Westover Field. Here I was

assigned the dull job of flying to Paris and back, twice a month. Champagne, caviar, thousands of francs, tens of thousands of women, millions in per diem. Very, very dull.

Went on a trip one day to the Azores with Col. Theodore R. Milton, who was Chief of Staff, ATLD, MATS. Seeing the colonel crawl out of the plane sack about half way there, arrayed in socks, shorts, and disheveled hair, I immediately recorded this scene in cartoon form. Col. Milton, probably figuring I carried on this nonsense with all high-ranking officers, had me transferred to headquarters so they could keep an eye on me. So I was assigned to General Tunner's crew as radio operator and thence to the Airlift.

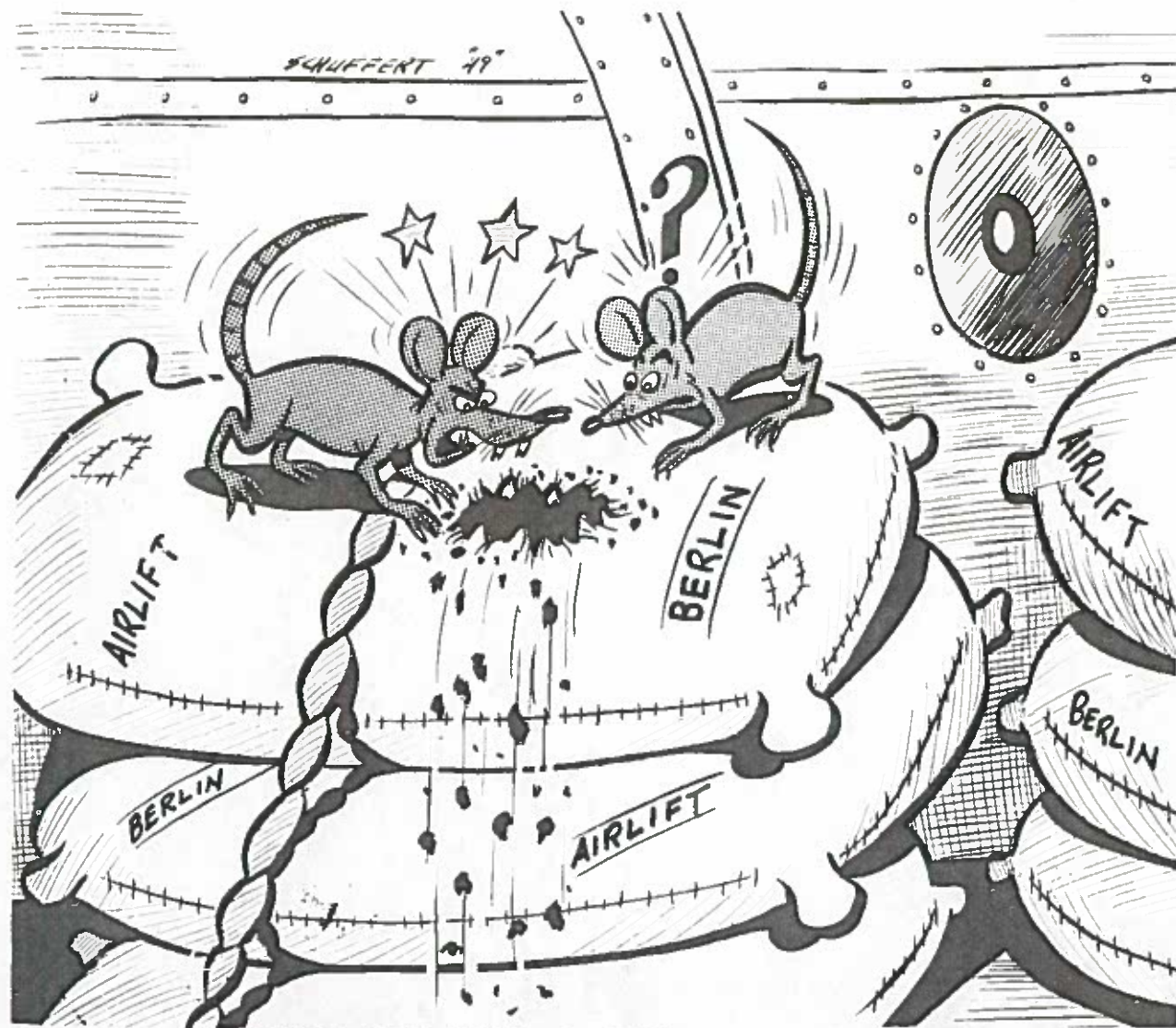
The preceding parade of events were fashioned by the hand of fate. Had fate been kinder, I would not be amongst you now, plaguing you with these moronic cartoons. All ye with stout hearts, read on. But ye of weaker souls, turn back, before it is too late. As for me, I just learned the cutest way of cutting out paper dolls. So, if you will excuse me—

B
Y

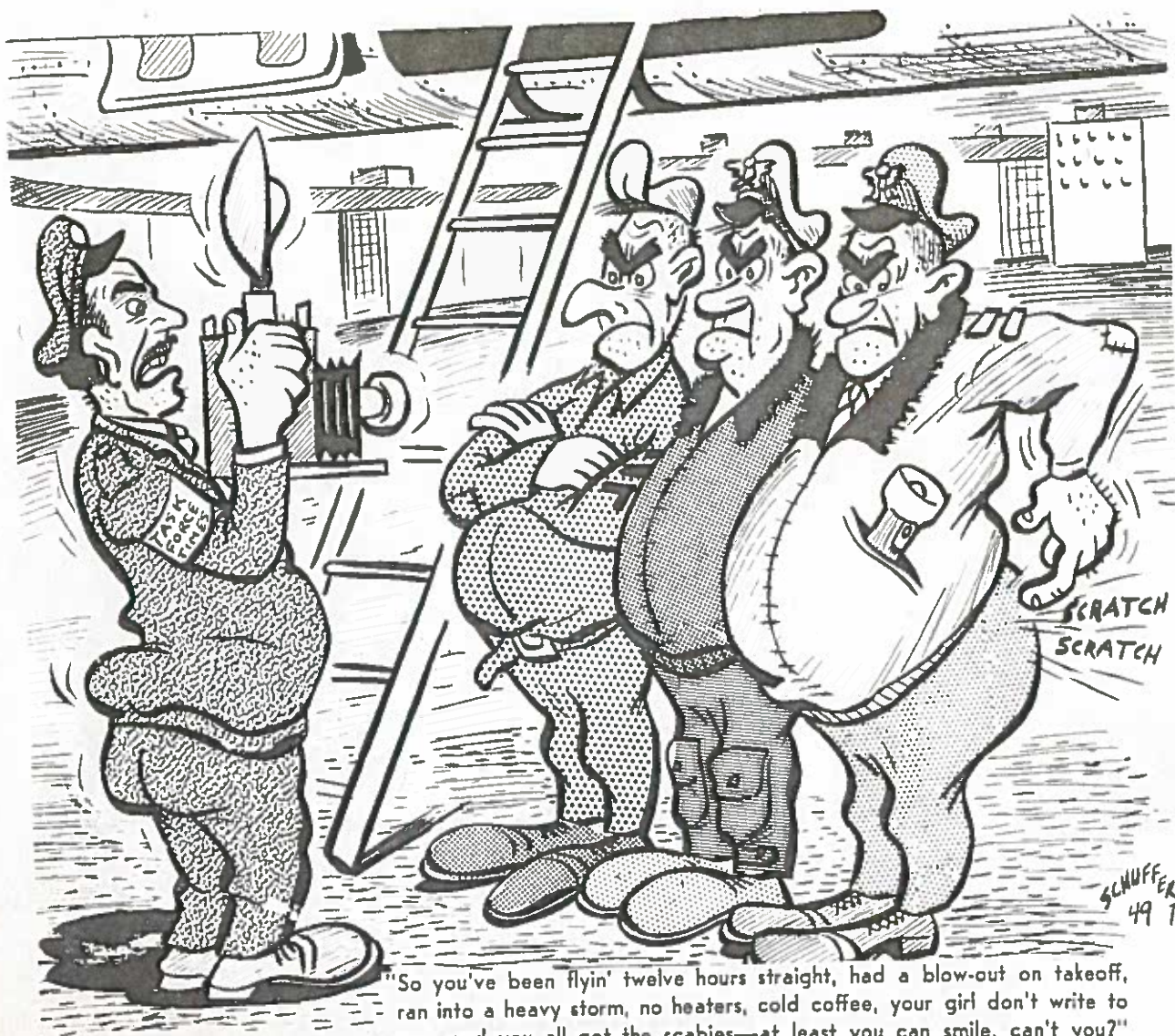
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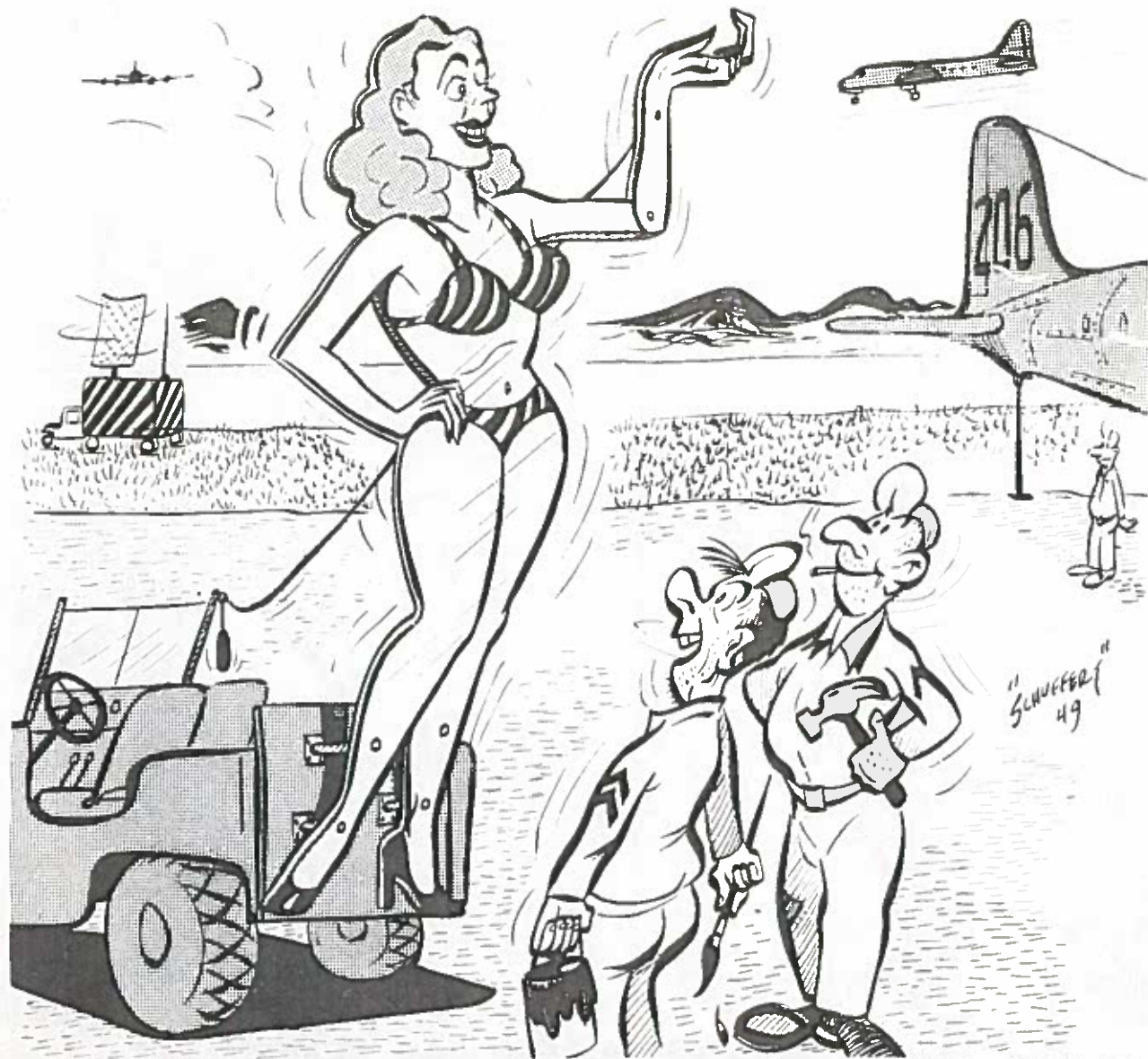




"JUST OUR LUCK, A DAMN GOAL PLANE!!"



"So you've been flyin' twelve hours straight, had a blow-out on takeoff, ran into a heavy storm, no heaters, cold coffee, your girl don't write to you, and you all got the scabies—at least you can smile, can't you?"



"THIS WILL ENTIRELY REVOLUTIONIZE THE 'FOLLOW ME' JEEP!!"



"THIS IS MY OFFICE, STUPID!!"

REMOTE STATIONS...

REPLACEMENT

1ST MONTH

2ND MONTH

3RD MONTH



4TH MONTH



5TH MONTH



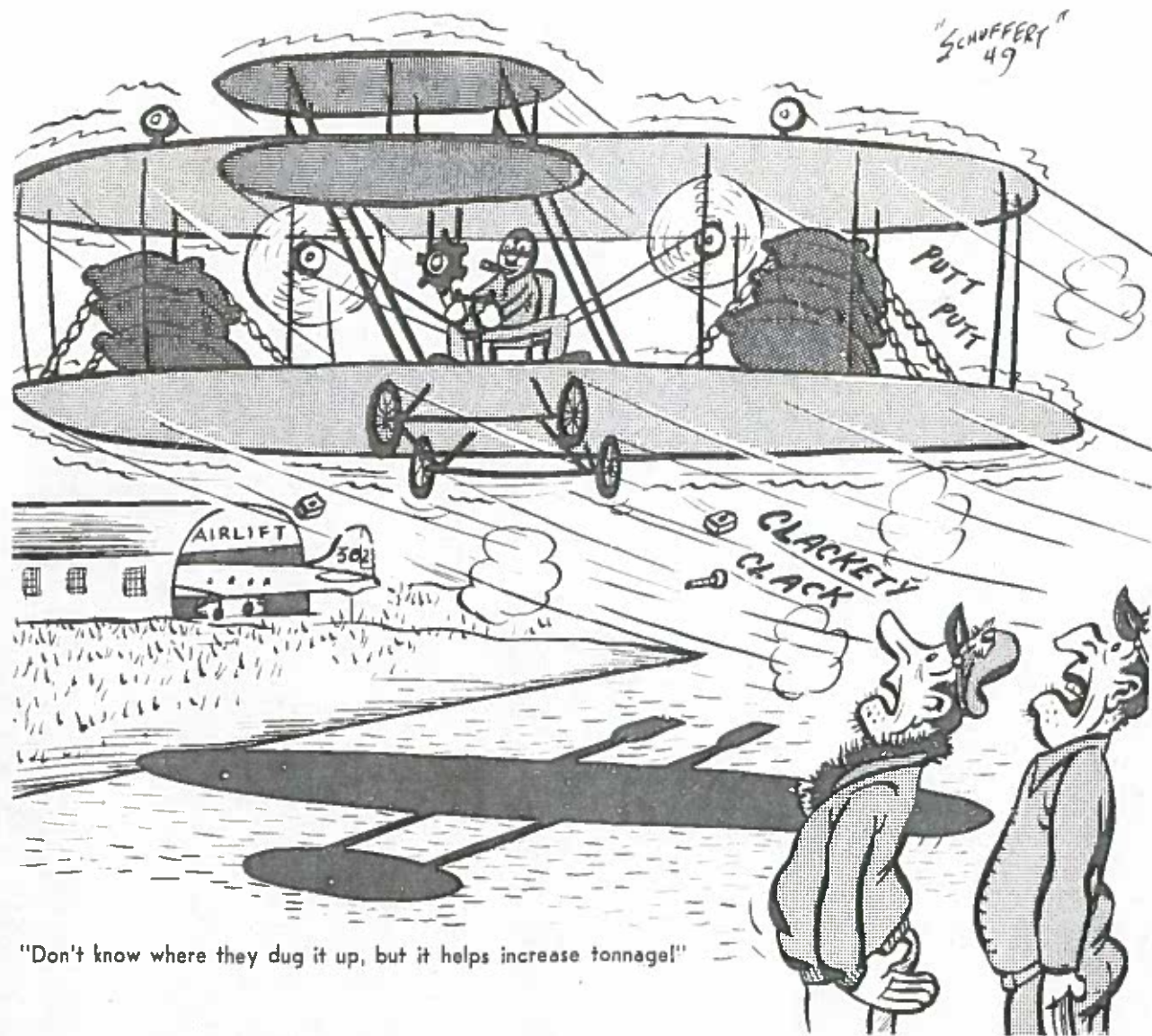
6TH MONTH



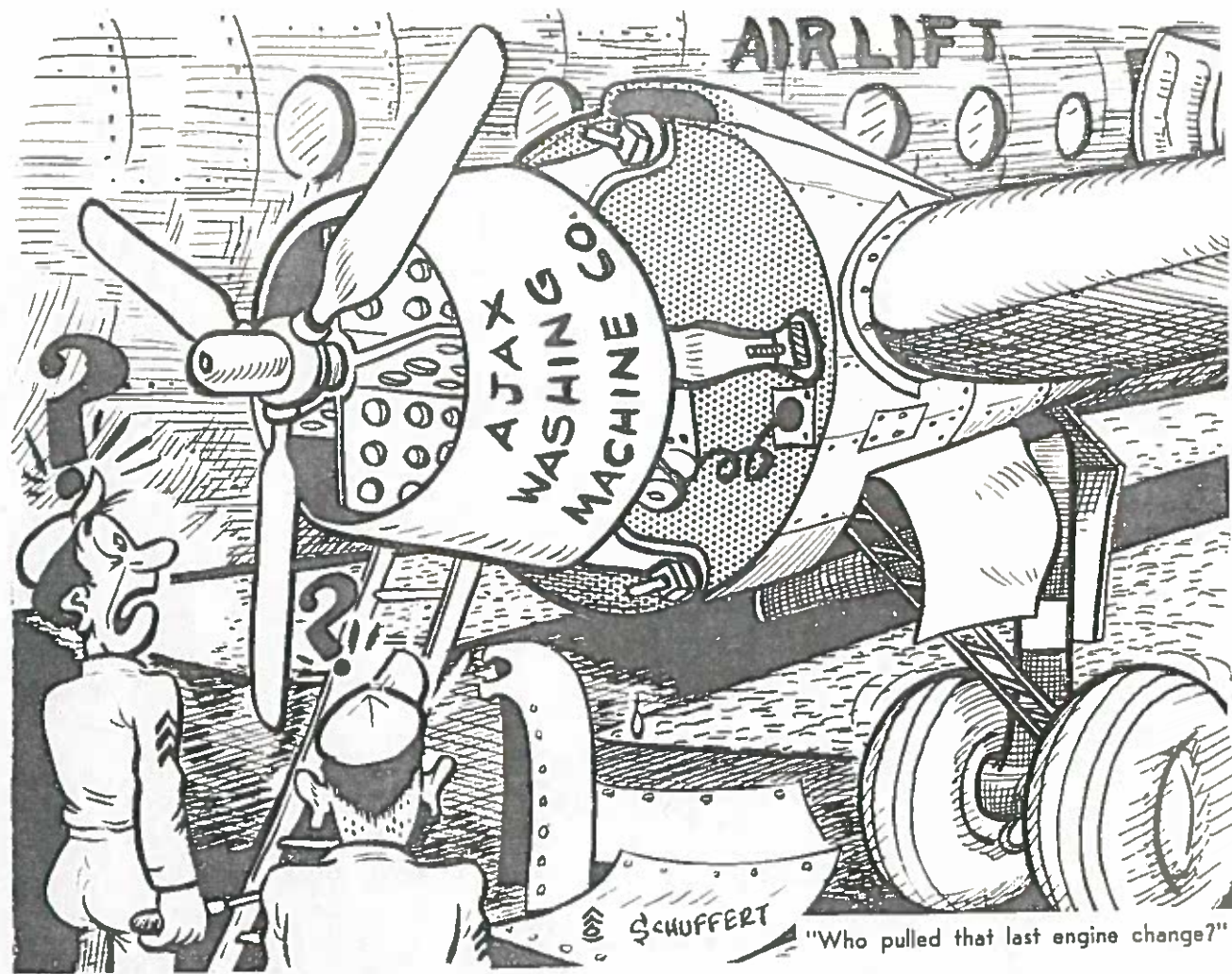
ROTATION



"Tempelhof Tower, this is Big Willie and Little Willie—which one do you want?"



"Don't know where they dug it up, but it helps increase tonnage!"

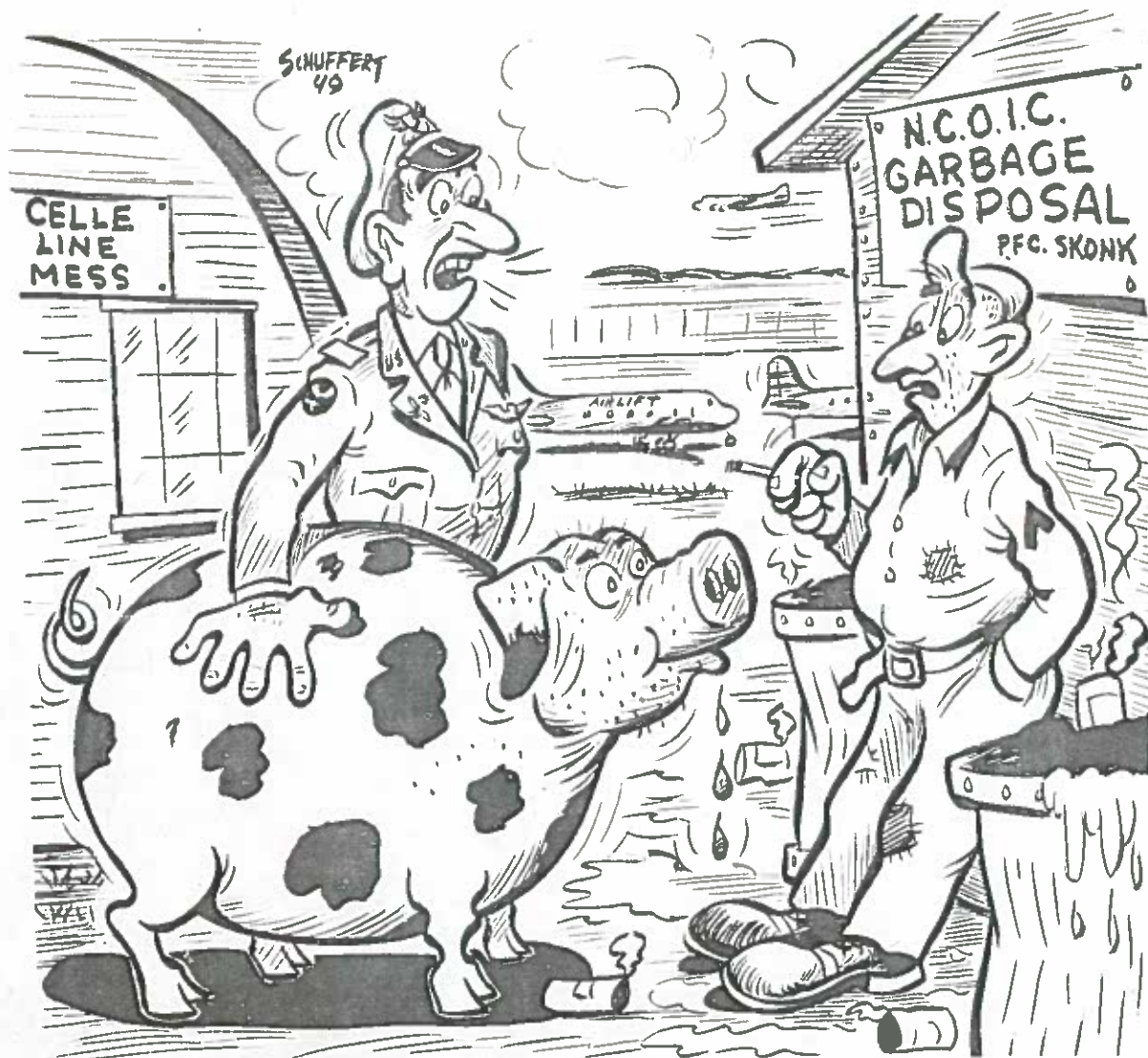


WEATHER OFFICE

...AIRLIFT...

OH OH!! WEATHER
MUST BE REALLY
BAD TO-DAY!!





"WELL, PFC SKONK, YOUR REPLACEMENT FINALLY GOT HERE!!"

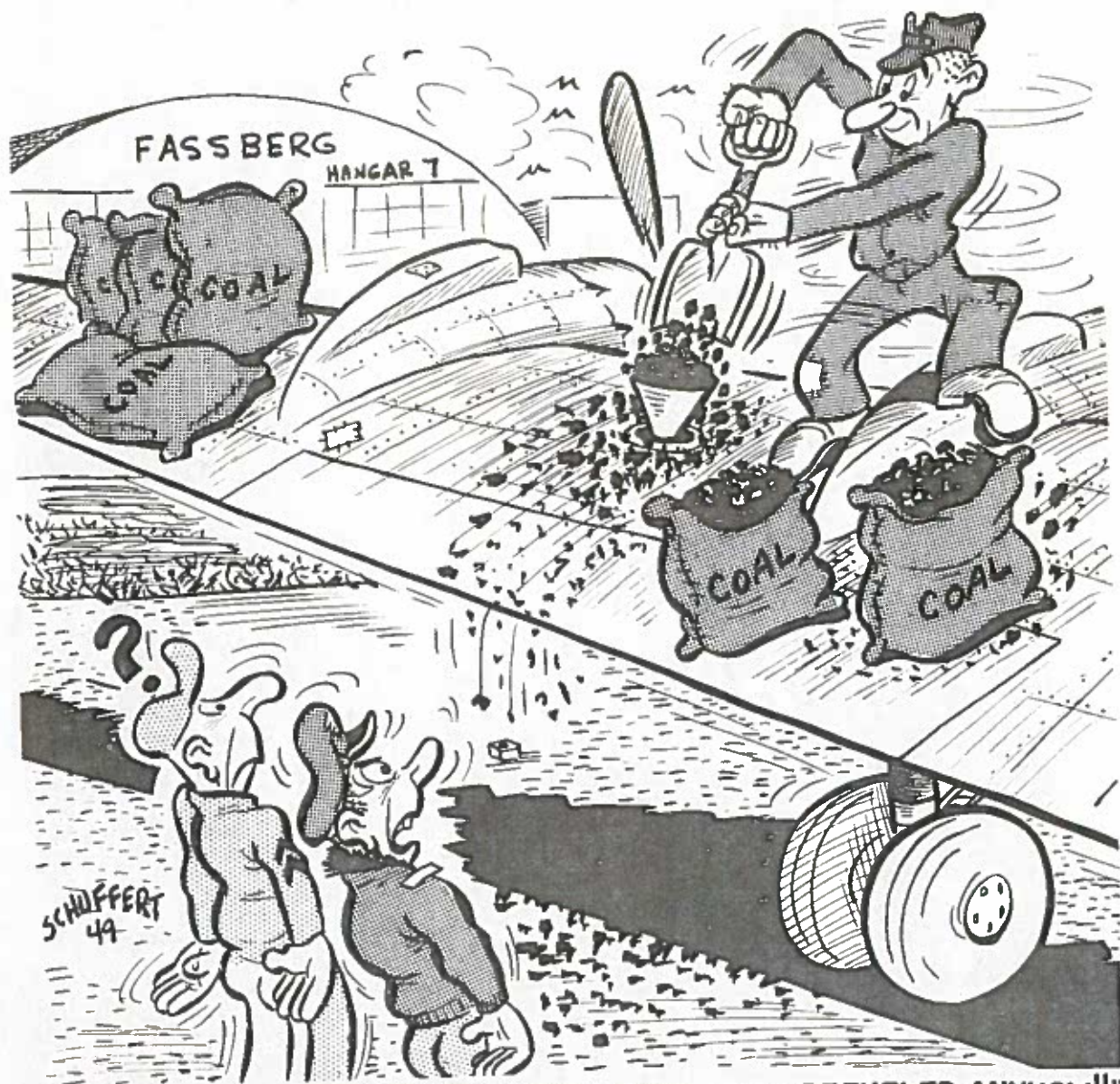




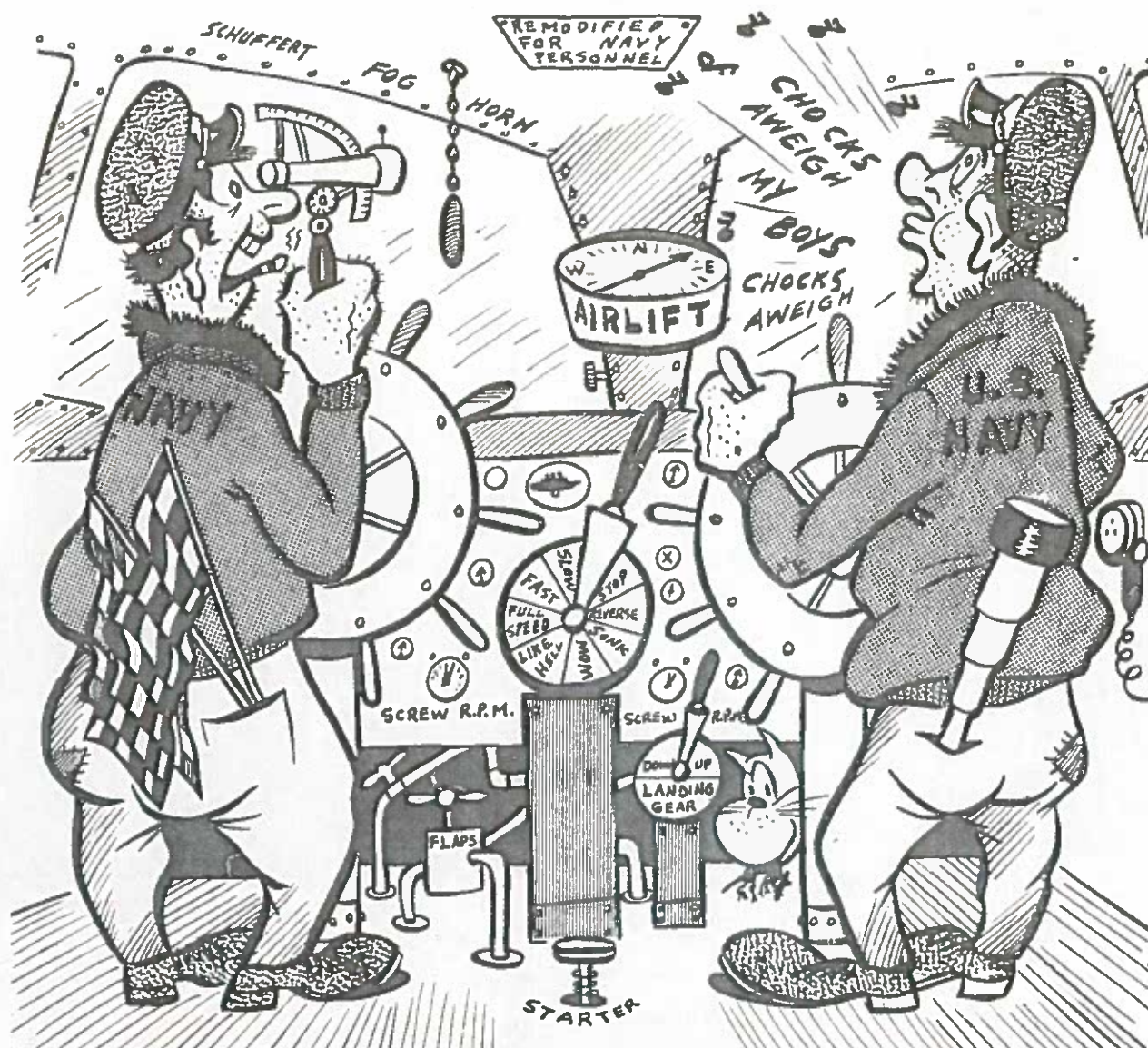
"DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SMOKE AROUND
A LEAKIN' AIRPLANE??"



"NO MESSAGE, SIR—JUST CHIEF THROCKMORTON'S SKIVVIES!!!"



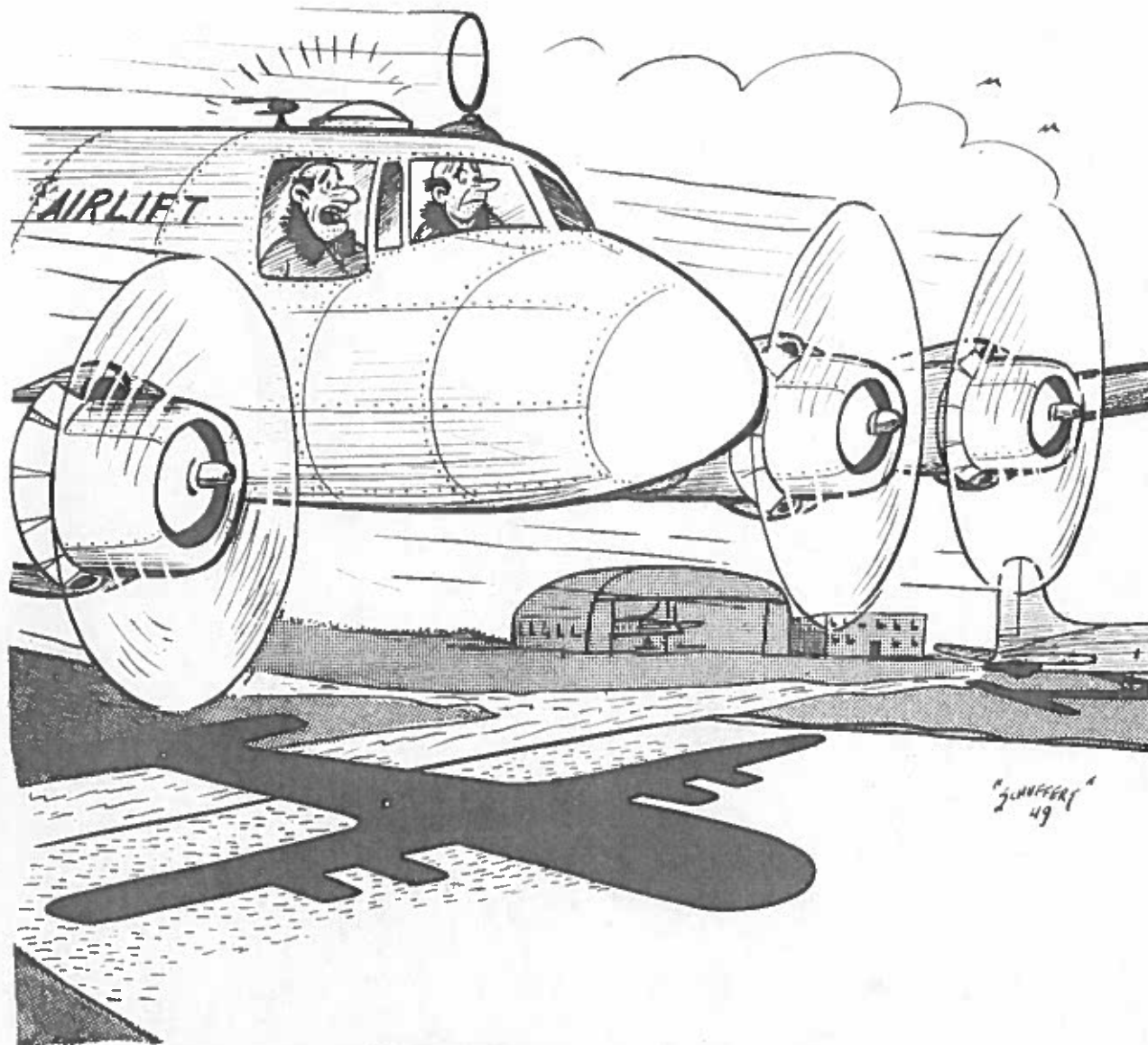
"—AND FURTHERMORE, I DIDN'T WANT THAT TANK REFUELED ANYHOW!!"



"YEP, I FEEL RIGHT AT HOME SINCE THEY MODIFIED OUR C-54 COCKPITS!"



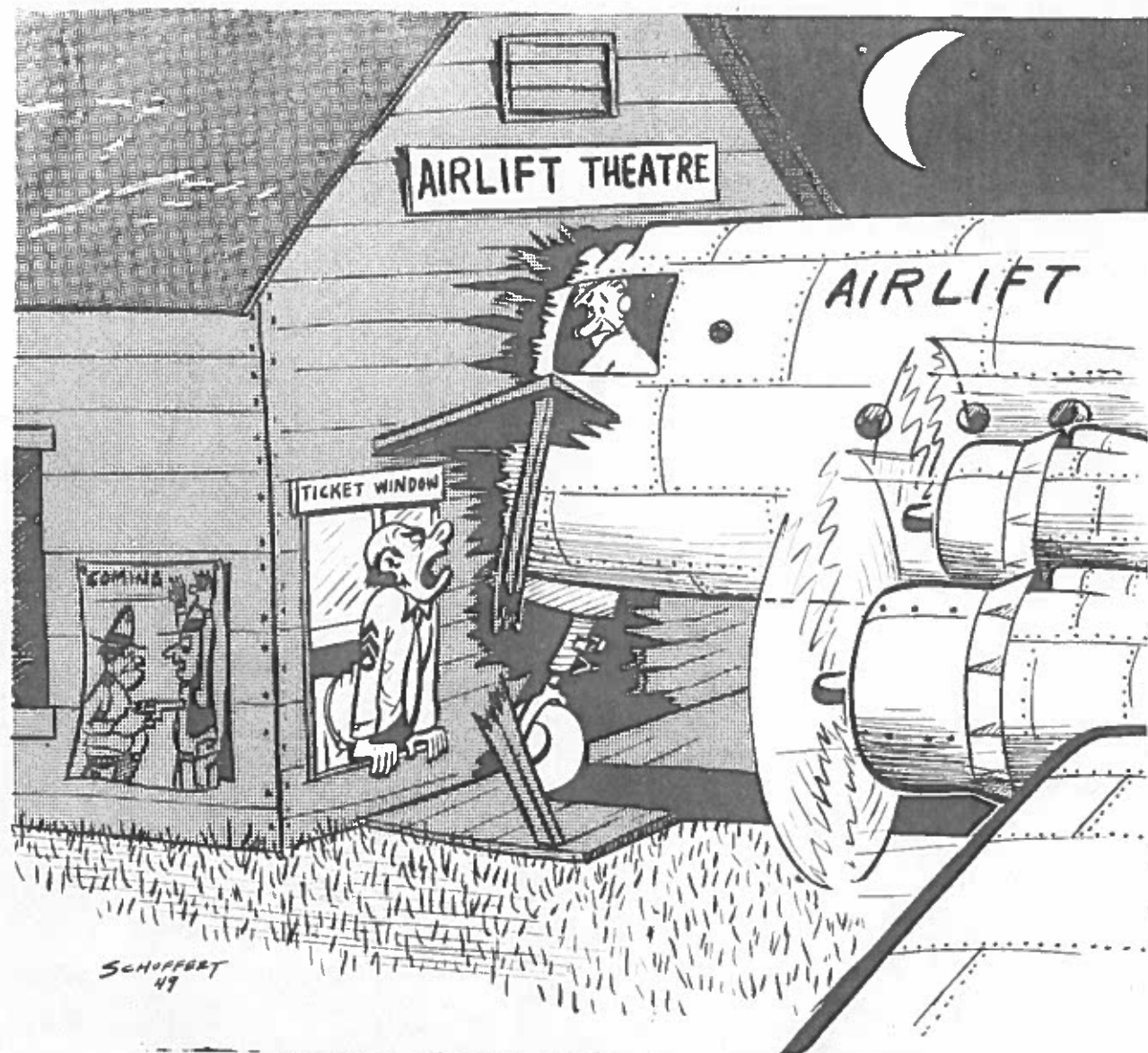
"Goldbrickin' again, eh, Broadbeam?"



"O.K. LET'S SET HER DOWN,
BUT I STILL THINK WE'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING!!"



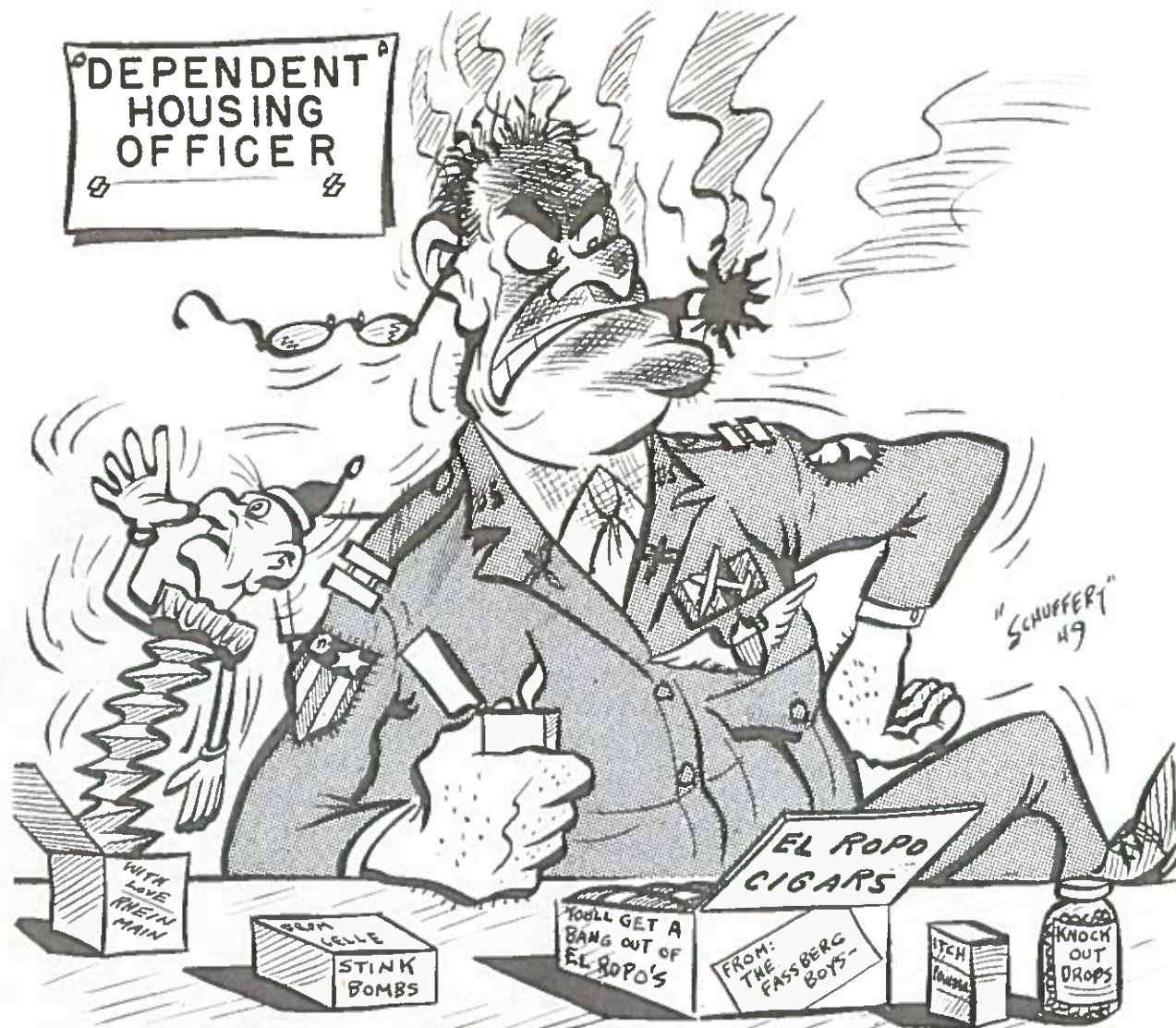
"TOELPEL!!" (BUTTERFINGERS)



"WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS, A DRIVE IN?"



"JUST A MINUTE, BOYS, I'LL HAVE ANOTHER BAG FOR YOU!!"

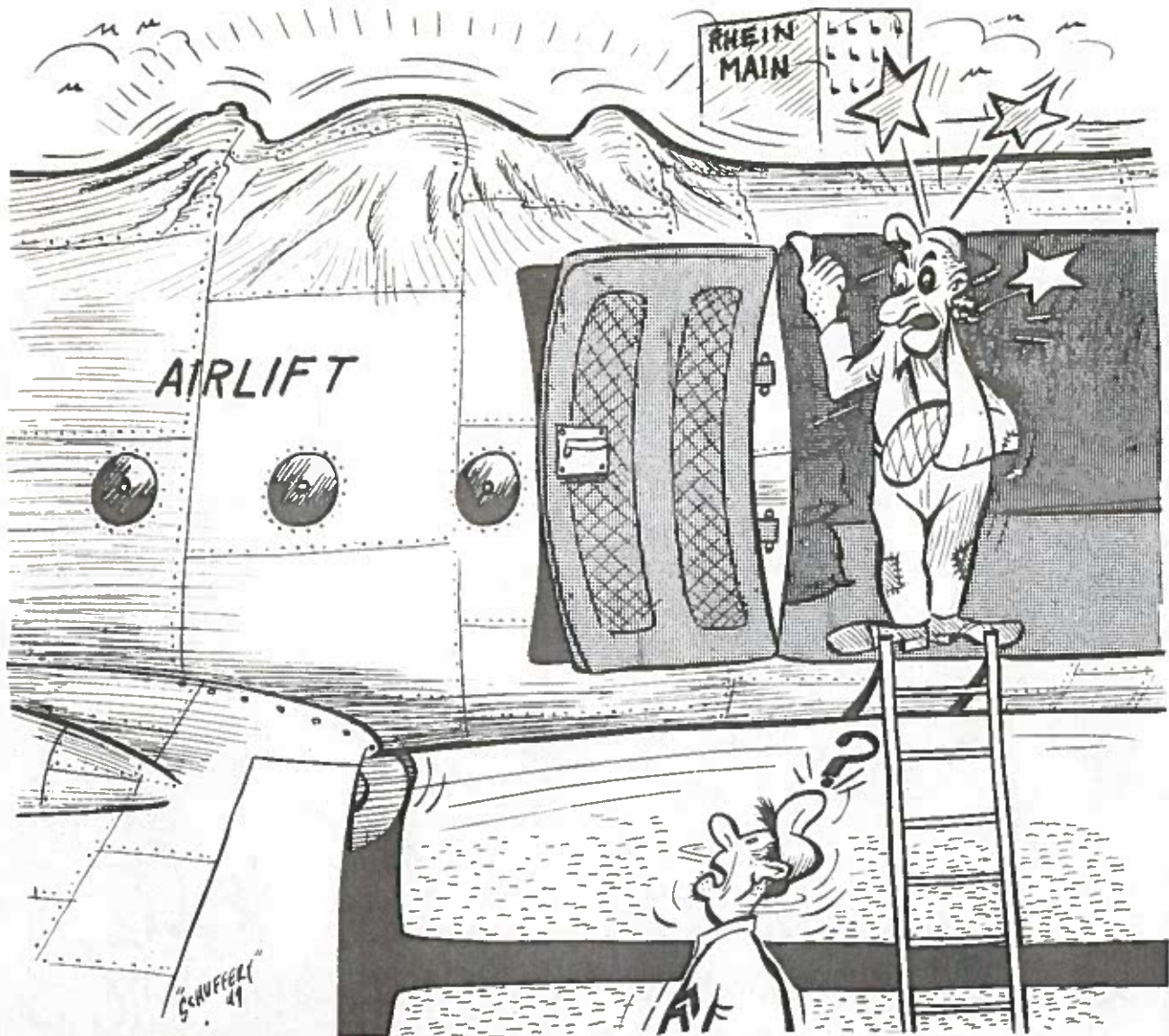


"I WAS TOLD THIS WOULD BE A THANKLESS JOB."



"I TOLD YA TO GIT YOUR SHOES FIXED."

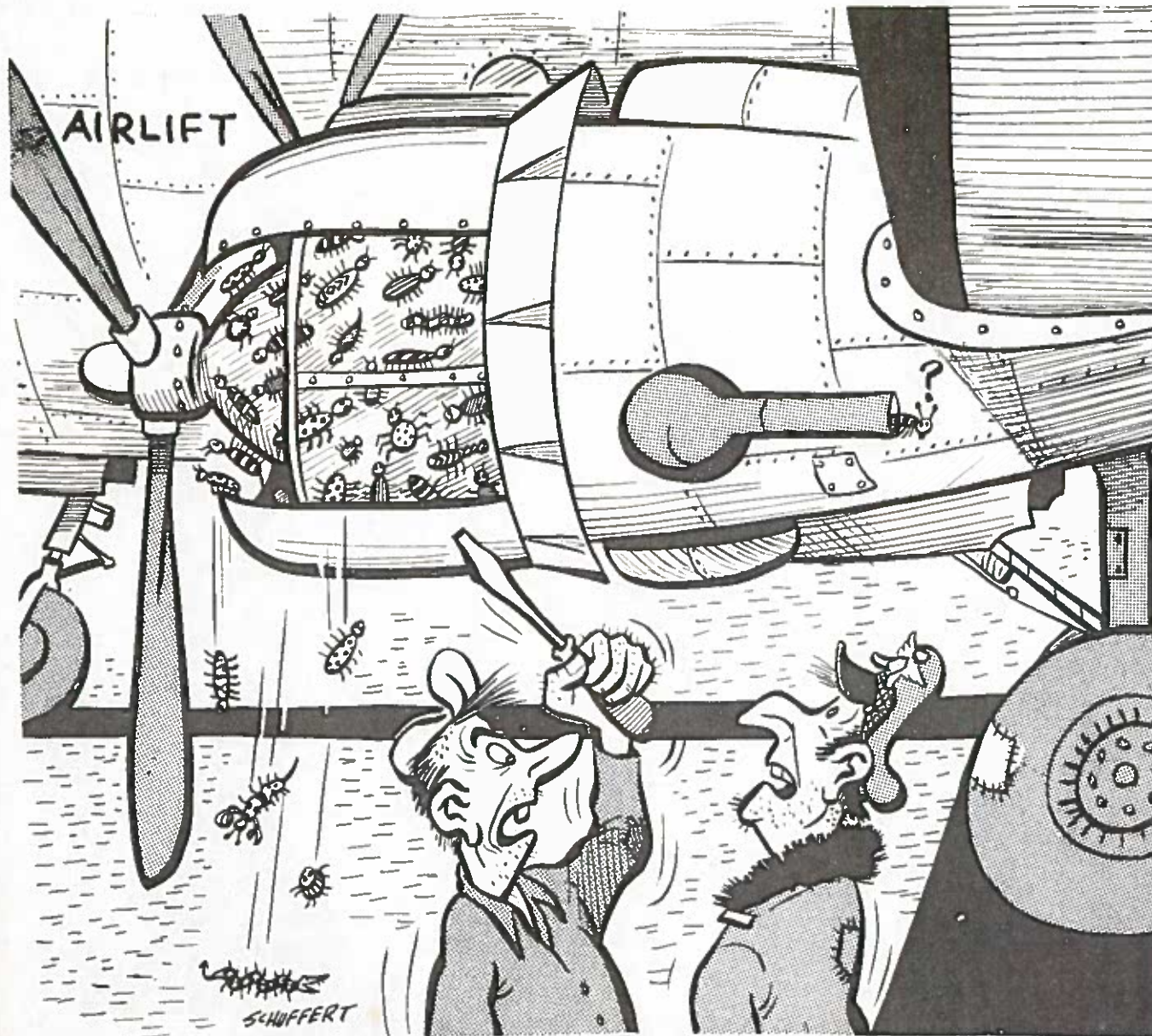




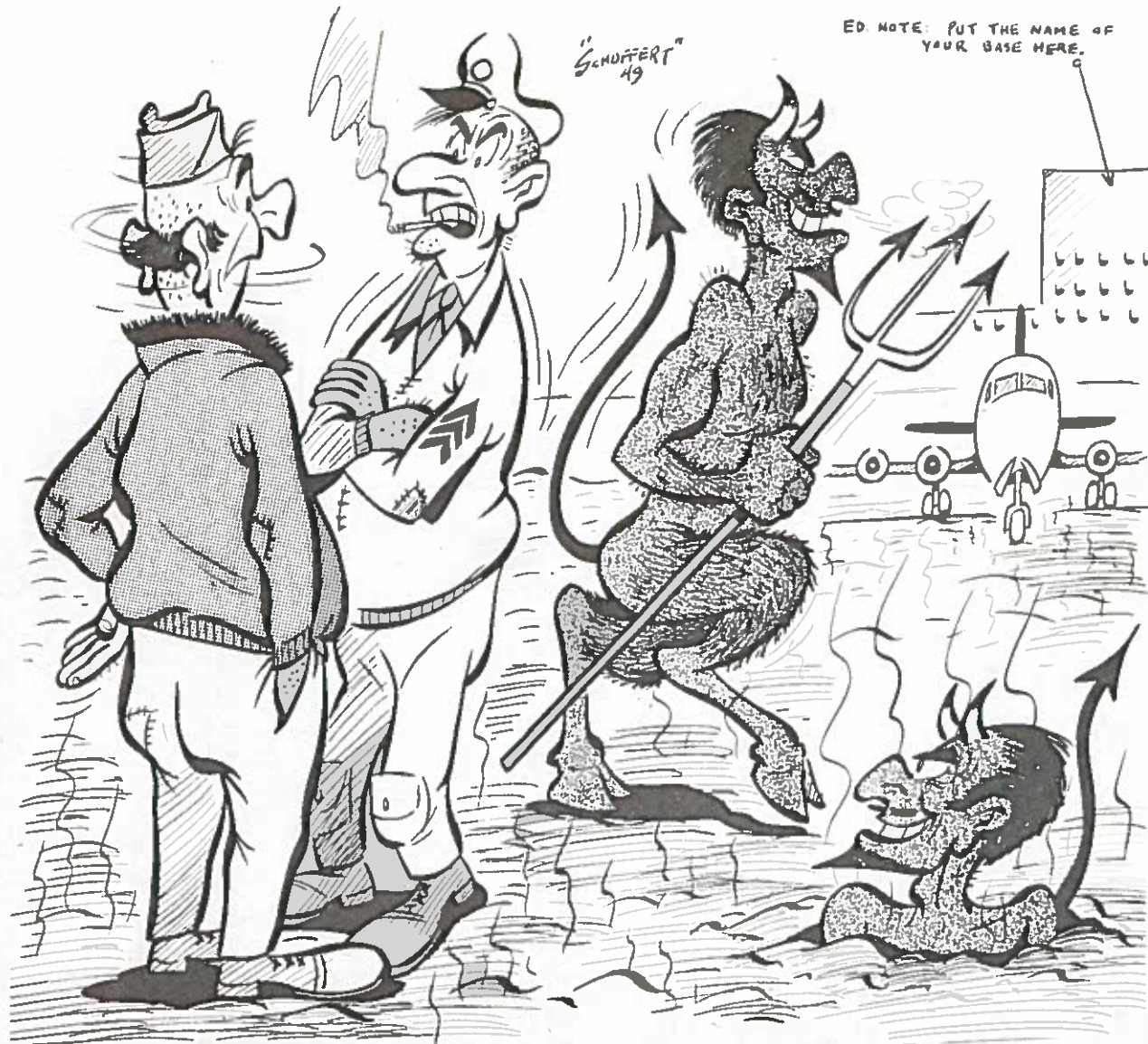
"I was sleeping on top of the coal sacks when we hit an air pocket."



"ONE 'CHUTE, ONE MAE WEST. OK, SIGN HERE."



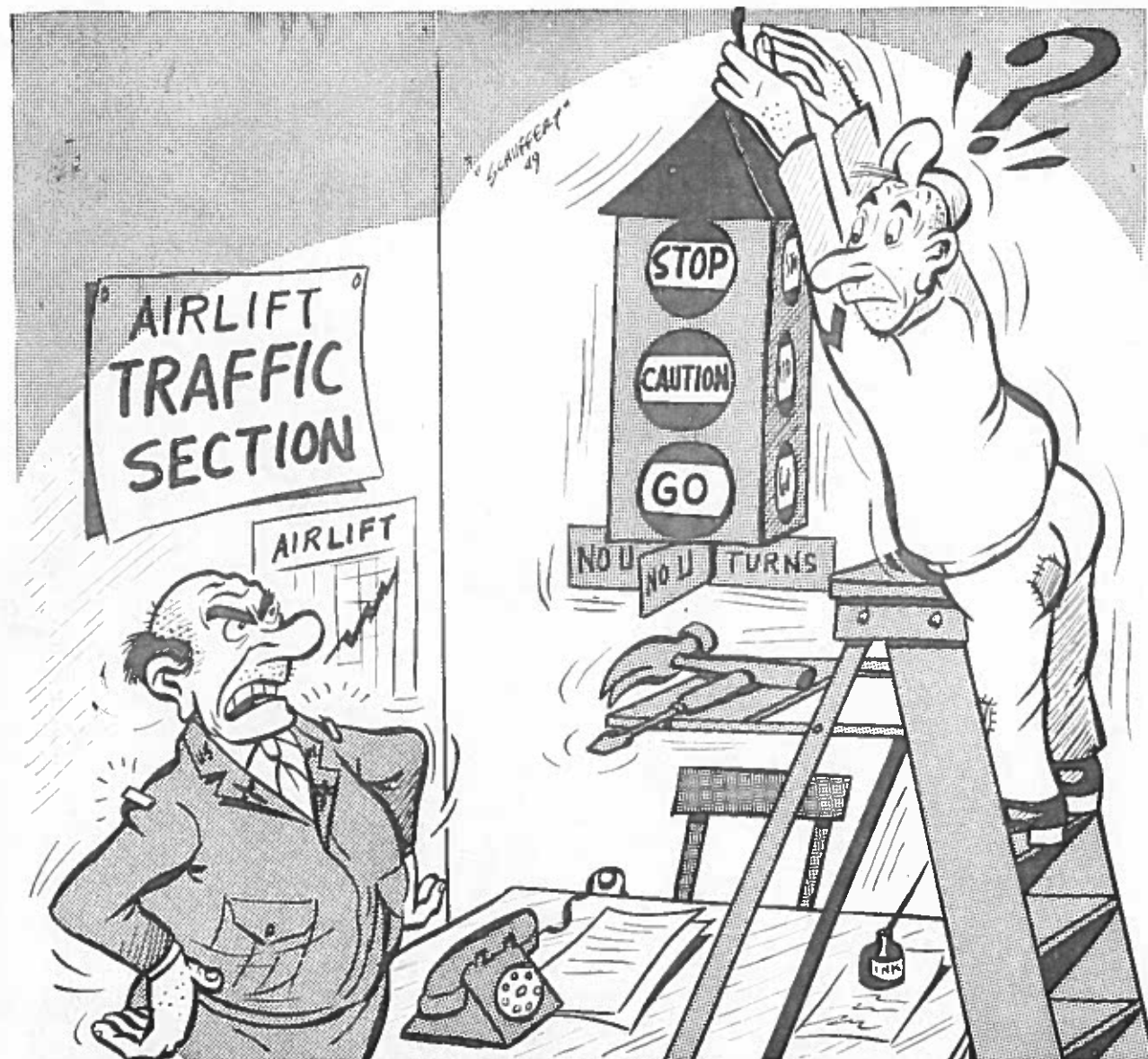
"NR. 4 STILL HAS A FEW BUGS."



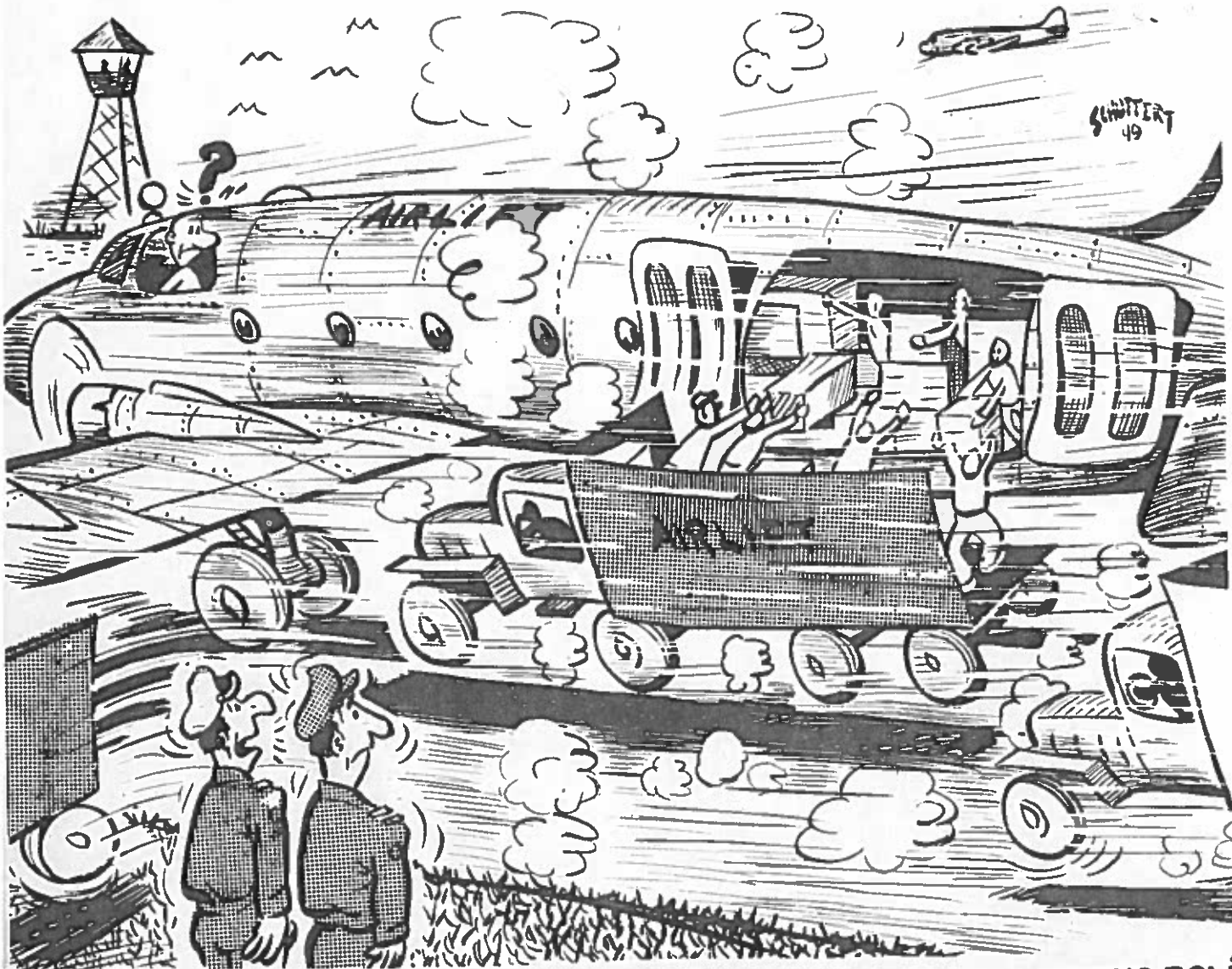
"SCHUFFERT"
49

ED. NOTE: PUT THE NAME OF
YOUR BASE HERE.

"THIS IS GETTIN' TO BE A HELL OF A PLACE!!"



"HAS ANYONE EXPLAINED TO YOU WHAT
TYPE OF TRAFFIC WE CONDUCT, HOGAN!!"



SCHUTTEAT
49

THIS WAY, WE HAVE 'EM UNLOADED BEFORE THEY FINISH THEIR LANDING ROLL



"—AND ON THIS SIDE WE HAVE THE NAVY SQDNS."



THANK TO
G.H. 20.
CRAAE

SNIP
SNIP

AIRLIFT
Good HUMOR
SQUADRON
MEETING TO-NIGHT

GOOD
HUMOR

GOOD
HUMOR

GOOD
HUMOR

GOOD
HUMOR

"SCHUFFERT"
49
©

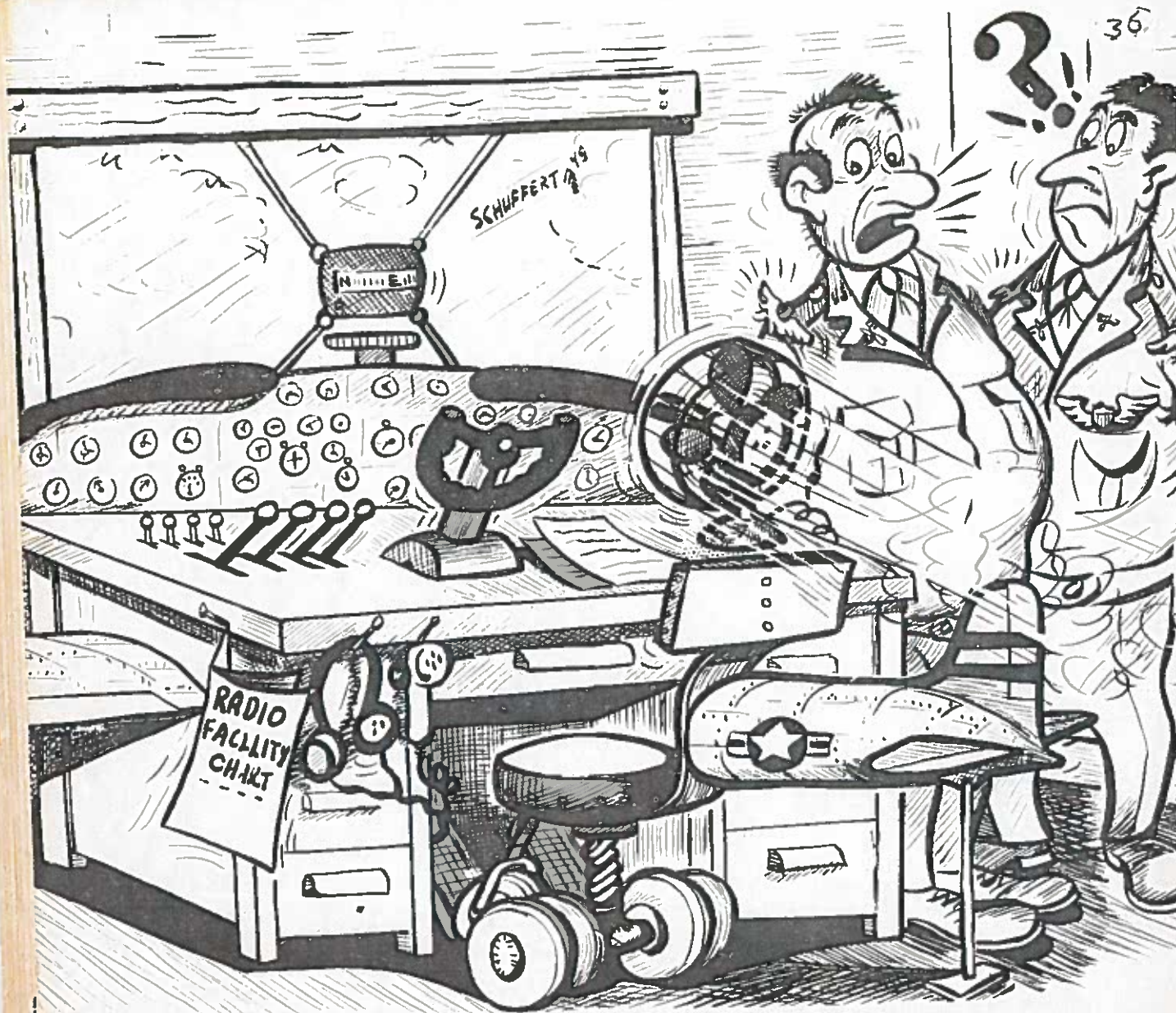
"EITHER MAKE IT SMILE, OR ELSE—"



"I DIDN'T SAY IT WAS A SLEEPER,
I SAID WE HAD A LOT OF SACKS ON BOARD!!"



"The comments you have just heard on 'Airlift Rotation' do not necessarily reflect the opinions of this station!"



"AND I'M PROUD TO SAY ONLY RATED PILOTS ARE ASSIGNED TO THIS HEADQUARTERS"





"You don't take this Airlift very serious, do you, Grady?"

WIESBADEN AIRLIFT CREW LOUNGE

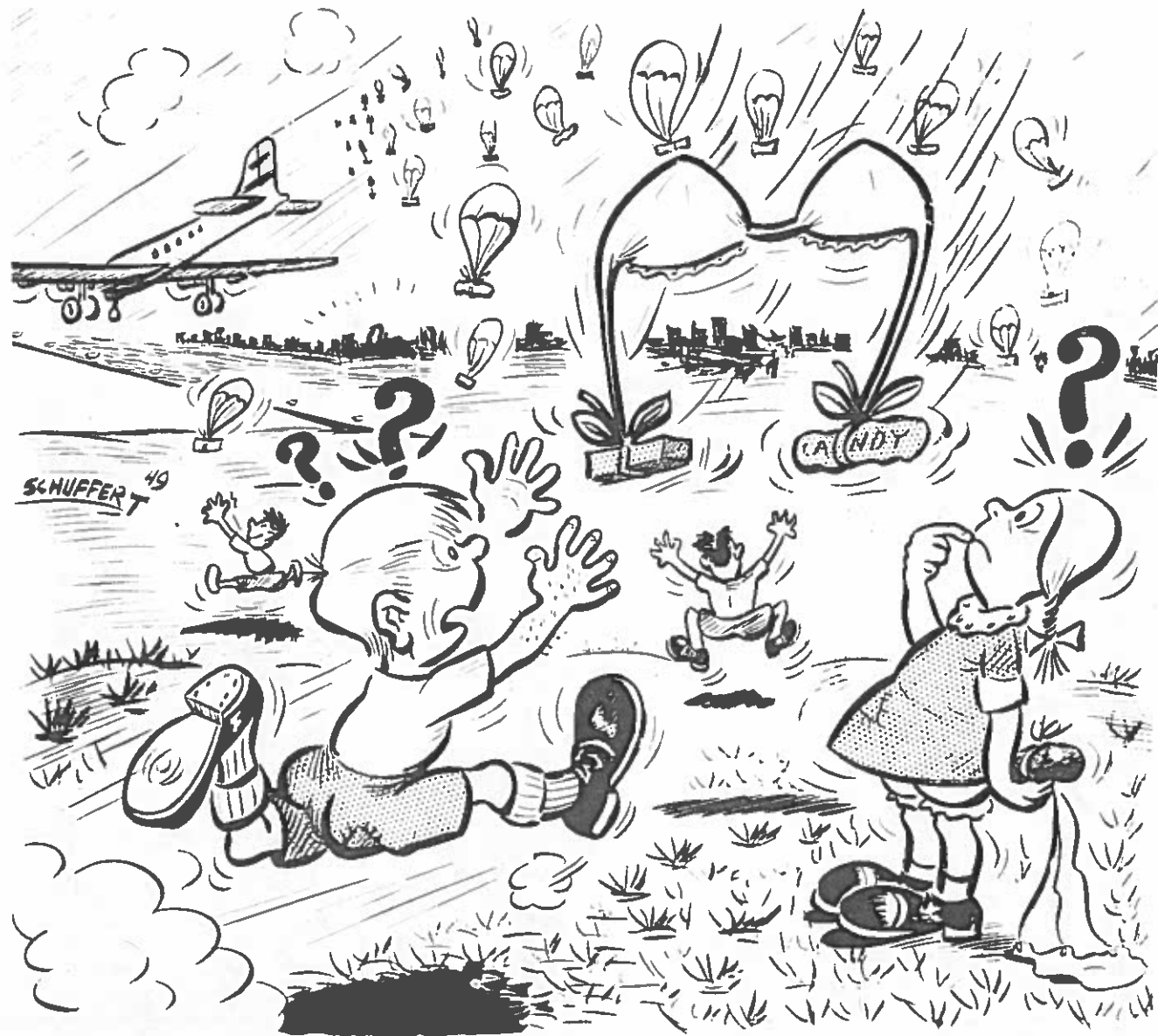
SPECIAL SERVICES

3 DAY PASSES - AIRLIFT SPECIALS - 7 DAY TOURS
YOURS FOR THE ASKING

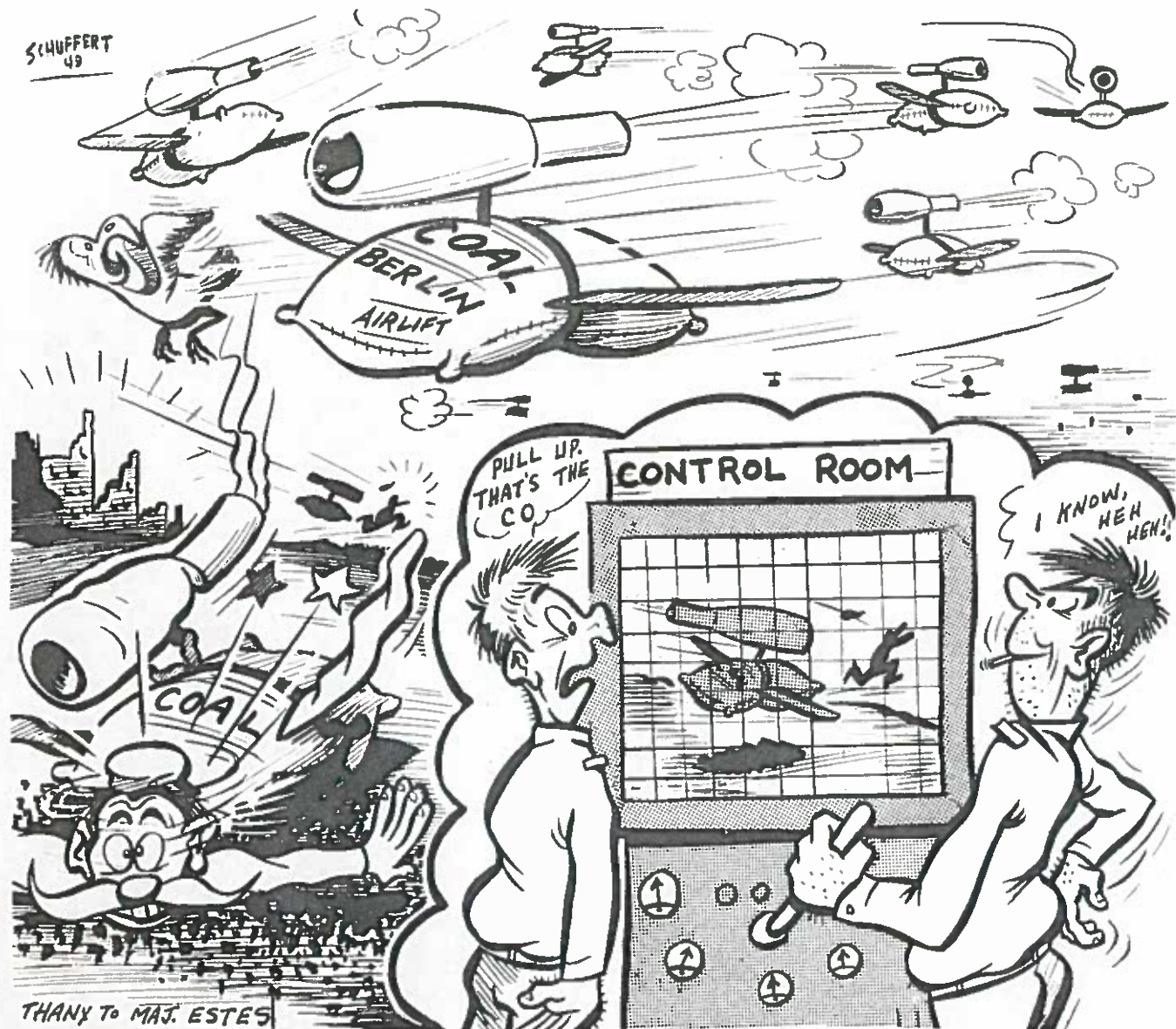
WITH RESERVATIONS - ARRANGEMENTS THRU ORDERLY ROOM



"YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL THE ONE WHO ASKED FROM THE ONES WHO DIDN'T."



SCHUFFERT
49



THANKS TO MAJ. ESTES

REJECTED VITTLES PROJECT NO. 594832-AOCP-34